

# Women Who Suffer

from woman's ailments are invited to write to the names and addresses here given, for positive proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does cure female ills.

**Tumor Removed.**  
Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Alvina Spelling, 11 Langdon Street.  
Lindley, Ind.—Mrs. May Fry.  
Kinsley, Kan.—Mrs. Stella Clifford Beaman.  
Scott, N.Y.—Mrs. J. J. Barber.  
Cortlandtville, N.Y.—Mrs. Wm. Boughton.  
Cincinnati, O.—Mrs. W. K. Roush, 12345 V.  
Milwaukee, Wis.—Mrs. Emma Innes, 883 1st St., German.  
**Change of Life.**  
South Bend, Ind.—Mrs. Fred Curtis, 1014 E. Lafayette Street.  
Brooklyn, N.Y.—Mrs. Lillian Holland.  
Brookfield, Mo.—Mrs. Sarah Louisa, 207 E. Market St.  
Paterson, N.J.—Mrs. Wm. Somerville, 106 Hamburg Avenue.  
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. K. E. Garrett, 2407 North Garnet Street.  
Kewaskum, Wis.—Mrs. Carl Dahlke.  
**Menstrual Troubles.**  
Worcester, Mass.—Mrs. Dorothy Côté, 117 South Main Street.  
Indianapolis, Ind.—Mrs. A. Anderson, 1207 E. Frank Street.  
Big Horn, Wyo.—Mrs. W. E. Foster.  
Cleveland, Ohio.—Mrs. Anton Muelhaupt.  
Cincinnati, O.—Mrs. K. E. Garrett, 2407 North Garnet Street.  
Bryn Mawr, Pa.—Mrs. Peter Langenhahn.  
**Void Operations.**  
Hempstead, N.Y.—Mrs. L. D. Dandy.  
Adrian, Mich.—Mrs. Henry, Route No. 2.  
Indianapolis, Ind.—Mrs. V. E. Piper, 29 South Adams Street.  
**Organic Displacements.**  
Meadowdale, N.Y.—Mrs. Sam Lee, 3332 Fourth St.  
South West Harbor, Maine.—Mrs. Lillian Johnson, 100 Main Street.  
Duluth, Minn.—Mrs. Freda Rosman, 544 Madison Avenue, German.  
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Duluth, Minn.—Mrs. Freda Rosman, 544 Madison Avenue, German.

These women are only a few of thousands of living witnesses of the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female ailments. Not one of these women ever received compensation in any form for the use of their names in this advertisement—but are willing that we should refer to them because of the good they may do other suffering women to prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a reliable and honest medicine, and that the statements made in our advertisements regarding its merit are the truth and nothing but the truth.

## IF YOU EXPECT TO TRAVEL

don't think of going away with your things packed in any but one of our TRUNKS OR BAGS. We have all sizes of trunks, all styles and sizes of bags, suit cases, etc. A little better quality than the ordinary, a little lower in price than the average. We have special bargains in soiled bags and cases which will afford you an additional saving if you call quickly.

The Wooster-Atkinson Co.  
1043-1049 BROAD STREET

## JOHN F. FAY, 239 FAIRFIELD AVE.

High class Furniture, Draperies and Novelties, re-upholstering and refinishing furniture, Shades and Curtains in great variety.  
All kinds of bedding made to order and made over. The only store of its kind in New England.  
Telephone 732-3

## IF YOUR WINTER COAL ISN'T ORDERED--

It is time to send your orders in now. Avoid worry, disappointment, discomfort and similar trials by giving your order to

THE NAUGATUCK VALLEY ICE CO.  
101 Housatonic Avenue Telephone  
Down Town Office  
154 FAIRFIELD AVENUE

## COAL—and WOOD

Flour, Grain, Hay and Straw, and RETAIL  
Telephone 481-2  
BERKSHIRE MILLS.

## Try Sprague's Extra

ICE COAL WOOD  
HIGH GRADE LEHIGH COAL  
Sprague Ice & Coal Co  
East End East Washington Ave. Bridge  
Telephone 710

## IRA GREGORY & CO., Established 1847

Branch Office 972 Main Street  
Main Office 262 Stratford Avenue

## ABSOLUTELY CLEAN COAL GUARANTEED

SCREENED BY A NEW MACHINE  
just installed, and we invite customers to call at our yard and see it in operation. Coal is advancing in price each month at wholesale and must soon advance at retail.

DO NOT DELAY ORDERING

## WHEELER & HOWES,

344 MAIN ST. Yard, East End Congress Street Bridge

# VIA WIRELESS

Novelized by Thompson Buchanan From the Successful Play of the Same Name  
By WINCHELL SMITH, FREDERIC THOMPSON and PAUL ARMSTRONG  
Frederic Thompson. Copyright, 1908, by Frederic Thompson. All Rights Reserved.

(Continued.)  
"Well, you're the general manager, Mr. Pinckney," he said. "If that gun is ruined in your place the Durants will be responsible. Personally I think, valuable as Smith may be, it would be a good thing to lay him off until he sobers up."

Pinckney nodded.  
"I understand your feelings," he said, "but I'll stay out here myself to see that the gun goes through all right. Smith's nasty now. It might be as well if you didn't stay any longer. It upsets him to have outsiders about."

For the first time a real suspicion of foul play took hold of Sommers. They were all too obviously anxious to get him away.

"Don't worry," he said shortly to Pinckney. "I'll take care of myself. I've got time to get into my working togs, haven't I?"

He turned away and started back to the office just in time to meet Marsh approaching. He had sized up Marsh for an honest, well meaning fellow, so he didn't hesitate to stop him.

"Oh, I say, Marsh, what time did that gun go into the fire?"

The head draughtsman looked up and down and everywhere but at Sommers' face.

"I don't know, Mr. Sommers, exactly," he hesitated.

"Don't know?" exclaimed the officer. "What's going on here anyhow? It looks to me like there's something wrong. Didn't you tell me that gun went in at 6 o'clock?"

Marsh was thoroughly frightened now.

"Did I say 6 o'clock? I've forgotten, Mr. Pinckney will know, I'll ask him."

Suspicion had become practical certainty in Sommers' mind now. He saw he, too, must be diplomatic. He must not let these people realize what he suspected. He shook his head eagerly.

"Oh, don't bother Pinckney, Marsh. I'll be back in a moment, just as soon as I get on my working clothes."

And, leaving Marsh in a cold sweat of fear, the naval officer hurried into the office. As soon as the door had closed after him Pinckney rushed over to Smith.

"Now, Smith, go to it quick," he commanded.

In a moment the roar in the big furnace room had increased tremendously. Smith began to bellow his orders. The men realizing the important time had come went to work with a will.

The huge traveler was rushed over above the trap furnace as fast as it could be moved. The chains were being lowered into the trap to draw out the gun when Marsh caught Pinckney by the arm.

"Mr. Pinckney, don't—don't try it," he exclaimed. "Sommers suspects."

Pinckney shook off the restraining touch.

"Let him suspect," he exclaimed contemptuously. "What difference does that make? Once get that gun into the bath without his seeing it, I can beat him, no matter what story he tells in Washington."

"But you can't get it in," expostulated the frightened draughtsman. "He'll be back in a minute. He knew you couldn't beat him or he wouldn't have left. He's gone to put on his working clothes."

For reply, Pinckney shook himself free and shouted to Smith:

"Here, Smith, Sommers has just demanded that you be discharged. He says you can't handle the job. He's gone to change his clothes, and he'll be back in a minute to boss the job himself."

That was enough. The drunken foreman's rage was as fierce as one of his own furnaces now.

"He has, has he?" he roared above the noise of the furnaces and the clanging steel. "If he comes in here I'll throw him in the furnace!"

"I don't blame you," supplemented Pinckney. And Smith, seeing now the general manager was behind him in whatever he might attempt, was ready for desperate work.

"Here!" he shouted. "Take my signal whistle. I'll go over by the door and wait for that guy. When he shows up you signal the men to take out the gun."

"When he comes in!" exclaimed Pinckney, amazed. "How can you stop his seeing you?"

The foreman laughed brutally, then, stooping over, picked up from the floor a short piece of iron, already blood stained at one end.

"O'Leary," he said briefly, and, turning with the bar in his hand, lurched across, drunkenly confident, toward the path which Sommers must cross on his way in the office to the trap furnaces that contained the Sommers gun, now ready to be hoisted and transferred to the tempering bath.

Marsh had already hurried away. Possible murder was more than he had counted on when he allowed Pinckney to bully him into becoming his fellow conspirator.

Pinckney stood ready with the whistle in his hand, while the men at their places waited, ready to hoist when the signal should be given.

The trap was laid. All was in readiness when Pinckney saw a raggedly dressed girl with a shawl over her head hurrying down the furnace room from the door through which the men were accustomed to enter.

"Here!" he shouted. "What are you doing here? Who are you? Get out!" Instead of answering the girl ran on until she had come facing him. Then she stopped short and threw back the shawl from her head.

Pinckney started back in amazement, for instead of Lucy Smith, as he expected, he looked into the blazing eyes of Frances Durant.

The evening gown with the round neck and short mousquetaire sleeves was very popular.

## CHAPTER X.

TURNING A DIRTY TRICK.  
PINCKNEY started at first, too amazed to speak. Finally he managed to pull himself together.

"Frances! What are you doing here?" he exclaimed.

The girl's reply was a contemptuous sneer.

"I don't have to ask what you are doing here."

"You know?"

"Yes," she cried. "I know you are trying to ruin Mr. Sommers' gun, and that's why I'm here—to prevent it."

Her hatred of dishonesty, her love for Sommers, her pride in the honor of the Durants, had all combined to drive the girl into a fury of passion that Pinckney had never seen before.

He could not fight against it. He knew that, and so he had to temporize. Instead of showing anger, he only smiled with apparent surprise and pity.

"What could have put such a ridiculous notion in your mind, Frances? It's too foolish to discuss. Who told you?"

"Don't try to explain, Edward," the girl exclaimed angrily. "Lucy Smith told me. O'Leary told her. He was hurt because he wanted to be honest."

"I don't know," he hesitated.

"What's going on here anyhow? It looks to me like there's something wrong. Didn't you tell me that gun went in at 6 o'clock?"

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## Past and Present.

Now Is the Time for Retrospection.

The Hudson-Fulton Celebration causes one to stop in the mad rush for achievement and take a retrospect on the progress of the times.

Few people realize the significance of progress.

In these days of unlimited capital, many industries are of mammoth proportions at their inception.

An establishment, however, that has grown from the smallest to the greatest, without the infusion of outside capital, in little more than a quarter of a century, surely owes its success to the quality of the articles marketed.

That's exactly what the high standard of the WISSNER PIANO has done for the House of Wissner. From comparatively nothing, the Wissner House has expanded, until to-day it is recognized as the representative home piano concern of Greater New York.

Operating two warerooms in Manhattan, one in Jersey City, one in Newark, two in Brooklyn and others in neighboring cities, the volume of business is so tremendous that it exceeds that of any other piano concern.

is complete in every sense of the word. You can buy a piano here for any amount you care to pay, and on any reasonable terms.

Your choice is not limited to any one grade of piano as in some piano establishments.

Our line is represented by Art Style Grand and Upright Pianos; pianos of the very highest class; player pianos—all grades; both medium grade and low-priced instruments—in fact, a piano for every taste and pocketbook.

Wissner Pianos are so constructed that they will forever hold their tone qualities. For concerts and recitals of a high order, the Wissner Concert Grand Pianos are invariably used.

Wissner Player Pianos represent the most modern developments in player and piano construction. They are absolutely perfect. The obstacles that have heretofore prevented the construction of a perfect player piano have been overcome at last by the artisans of the Wissner Factory. The result is exemplified in the construction of the Wissner Player Piano.

## WISSNER PIANOS

BROAD AND STATE STREETS.

## BORROW THE MONEY FROM US

AND PAY UP THESE SMALL ANNOYING ACCOUNTS.

If you need money for any purpose we will make you a loan, allowing you to arrange the weekly or monthly payments to your entire satisfaction. Personal and confidential. As good as a bank account.

OUR METHODS AND SYSTEM PROTECT YOU from annoying and urgent creditors, giving you independence. You are thus enabled to transact your private business on a cash basis. We have bright, cheerful, private offices in which you can talk to us confidentially.

A courteous reception awaits you whenever you may favor us with a call.

AMERICAN LOAN ASSN.  
29 FAIRFIELD AVE.  
Over Evening Farmer

Just the word

COAL

ought to be enough at this time of year to bring you in with an order.

Those who have used our COAL say they want nothing better. Call in and let us talk over the question of your winter's supply.

PATRICK MCGEE

East End of East Washington Ave. Bridge 'Phone.

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PATRICK MCGEE

East End of East Washington Ave. Bridge 'Phone.

## THE PEOPLE'S DAIRY 30c-BUTTER-30c FRESH FROM THE CHURN

Telephone—GEO. A. ROBERTSON—589 130 STATE STREET

## WARNING

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the inhabitants of the Town of Fairfield will be held at the Town Hall on Monday, October 4th, 1909, from six o'clock in the forenoon to five o'clock in the afternoon, to elect by ballot all Town officers required by law to be elected at said meeting.

To hear and act upon the reports of Town officers and Selectmen for the year.

To make appropriations for current expenses of said Town for the ensuing year.

To lay a tax to meet such current expenses and any appropriations authorized by said meeting.

To authorize the Selectmen to borrow in the name and on behalf of the Town a sum not exceeding \$50,000.00, and to give notes of the Town for such sums as may be so borrowed.

To consider and act upon the question of widening the highway at Reinecke's, Carey's and Hopkins' Corners, so-called, and to make appropriations therefor.

To consider and act upon the question of widening and straightening a highway near Nichols Terrace, so-called, and to make an appropriation therefor.

To make an appropriation for further improving the Beach Road.

To authorize the Selectmen to purchase an oil sprinker.

To consider and act upon the question of selling the Schoolhouse at Bulkeley's District.

To consider and determine what appropriation, if any, shall be made for improvement of highways under the State Highway Law.

Dated at Fairfield, Connecticut, this 27th day of September, 1909.

CHARLES S. FOX, E. B. MOREHOUSE, Selectmen.

To the Board of County Commissioners of Fairfield County:

I hereby apply for a transfer of a license No. 312 to sell Spirituous and Intoxicating Liquors, Ale, Lager Beer, Rhine Wine and Cider from Thomas Kenney at 151 Wood Avenue to Salma Zakrisson at 151 Wood Avenue, Town of Bridgeport. The proposed place of business is not located within 200 feet in a direct line of a Church Edifice, or Public School-house, or the premises pertaining thereto, or any Post Office Public Library or Cemetery.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 27th day of Sept., A. D., 1909.

SALMA ZAKRISON, Applicant.

We, the undersigned, electors and taxpayers, as defined by law, of the Town of Bridgeport, hereby endorse the application of the above named Salma Zakrisson for such license, and we do severally certify each for himself that we are taxpayers owning real estate situated in said Town of Bridgeport.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 27th day of Sept., A. D., 1909.

WM. T. MULLINS, Asst. Town Clerk.

To the Board of County Commissioners of Fairfield County:

I hereby apply for a transfer of a license No. 67 to sell Spirituous and Intoxicating Liquors, Ale, Lager Beer, Rhine Wine and Cider from Martin Plukas at 34 Railroad Avenue, Town of Bridgeport. The proposed place of business is not located within 200 feet in a direct line of a Church Edifice, or Public School-house, or the premises pertaining thereto, or any Post Office Public Library or Cemetery.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 27th day of Sept., A. D., 1909.

K. KAZEMAKAS & MARTIN PLUKAS, Applicants.

We, the undersigned, electors and taxpayers, as defined by law, of the Town of Bridgeport, hereby endorse the application of the above named K. Kazemakas and Plukas for such license, and we do severally certify each for himself that we are taxpayers owning real estate situated in said Town of Bridgeport.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 27th day of Sept., A. D., 1909.

ROBERT WEBER, Town Clerk.

## HOTEL LONGACRE

157-162 W. 47th St., N. Y. City EXCLUSIVELY BACHELOR

Just off from Broadway; convenient to everything.

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF Library, billiard hall, restaurant in connection.

Splendidly furnished rooms from \$1.00 per day upward; with private bath from \$1.50 per day upward.

## HINDLE'S

Prescription Drug Store

987 MAIN STREET Bridgeport, Ct.